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What is this little grassy meadow
Where pretty daisies bloom?

HYMNS

FOR

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NOTTINGHAM,

May 27th, 1844.

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HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.



I.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where GOD was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
Beneath a burning sun,
To wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed,
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

II.

COMING TO JESUS.

JESUS, that condescending King,
Is pleased to hear when children sing;
And while our feeble voices rise,
Will not the humble prayer despise.

Then keep us, Lord, from every sin
Which we can see and feel within ;
And even what we do not see,
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus :
We cannot think a single thought,
Or even thank thee, as we ought.

Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die :
And this is all the plea we make,
“ O save us for thy mercy's sake ! ”

III.

ABOUT GOD, WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON.

Child.

I SAW the glorious sun arise
From yonder mountain grey ;
And as he travelled through the skies,
The darkness went away.

And all around me was so bright,
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the shady sky :—
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon, and every twinkling star ?

Mamma.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all
By his Almighty skill :
He keeps them that they do not fall,
And guides them by his will ;—
That glorious GOD, who lives afar,
In heaven beyond the highest star.

Child.

How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air !
Is he too high to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer ?

Tell me, if God will condescend
To be a little infant's friend ?

Mamma.

He will, for with a Father's eye
He looks on all below ;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
And makes the sun to glow :
And ever hath in mercy smiled
To bless a humble, praying child.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing ;
Behold the insects over-head,
That play about in spring :
Tho' we may think them mean and small,
Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will he not as surely make
A feeble child his care ?
Yes ! Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer.—
God made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

IV.

A LITTLE.

A LITTLE,—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell ;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
And learn the lesson well.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Down, down, like easy stairs ;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon, larger ones it bears.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs.
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

The child who early disobeys,
 Stands now, on slippery ground ;
And who shall tell, in future days,
 How low he may be found?

V.

FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN VERY NAUGHTY.

LORD, I confess before thy face,
 How naughty I have been :
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, LORD, I pray,
 My passion and my pride ;
The wicked words I dared to say,
 And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest
 In quiet, on my bed,
Until with shame I have confest
 The naughty things I said.

The SAVIOUR answered not again,
Nor spoke an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although He was their Lord !

And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say !
Make me as mild as he was mild,
And take my pride away.

For JESUS' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart ;
And grant me grace another time
To act a better part.

VI.

“OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.”

GREAT GOD, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

Art thou my Father?—Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

VII.

“EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.”

Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretel;
But if the LORD will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here;
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear?

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand ;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

If I am poor, He can supply,
Who *has* my table spread ;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.

And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way.
Whatever be my lot ;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O LORD, forsake me not.

Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare ;
That God may take me when I die
To dwell for ever there.

VIII.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

DEAR child, I wish,—I wish and pray,
The best of gifts for thee ;
Nothing of riches would I say,
Or all thine eye can see ;
One thing is needful,—that obtain,
And great indeed will be thy gain !

That thou shouldst choose this better part
When thy young days begin,
Shouldst gain a new, a tender heart,
To hate and fly from sin ;—
To see thee humble, truthful, meek,—
What blessings greater could I seek !

But tempters lurk on every side
To lead thee from the way,
And easy would it be to slide
A little, day by day,
'Till far in guilt thy feet had trod,
Like the wide world, that knows not God !

But shall it, can it ever prove,
My tender one, that thou
To such a distance should'st remove
From what I see thee now ?
Thousands this evil course have run ;
May God keep thee, my tender one !

IX.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

God is so good that he will hear
Whenever children humbly pray :
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still ;
And that he answers all their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue
That thanks him for his mercies given ;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs ascend to heaven.

Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide ;
Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.

X.

THE BIBLE.

'THIS is a precious book indeed !
Happy the child that loves to read !
'Tis God's own word, which he has given
To shew our souls the way to heaven.

It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the LORD obeyed ;
Here his commands are written, too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die ;
It points to heaven where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, JESUS died !
This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible every day :
'Tis GOD's own word, which he has given
To shew your souls the way to heaven.

XI

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
GOD does not care for what I say,
Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile :
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the LORD.

'Oh ! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part ;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from my heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

XII.

THE HAY FIELDS.

THE sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the dew,
And cheerful sounds, and busy feet,
Pass'd the lone meadows through ;

And waving, like a flowery sea
Of gay and spiry bloom,
The hayfields rippled merrily
In beauty and perfume.

I saw the early mowers pass
Along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell :
I looked, and far and wide at noon
The fallen flowers were spread,
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe were dead.

“ All flesh is grass,” the Scriptures say,
And so we truly find ;
Cut down, as in a summer’s day,
Are all of human kind ;
Some, while the morning still is fair,
Taken in earliest prime ;
Some, mid-day’s heat and burden bear,
But all, laid low in time !

A fable full of truth to me
Is this, the mower's tale ;
I soon, a broken stem shall be,
Like hay that strews the vale ;
At early dawn, or closing light,
The scythe of death may fall ;
Then let me learn the lesson right,
So full of truth, to all !

XIII.

“ A BROKEN AND CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU
WILT NOT DESPISE.”

THOUGH GOD preserves me every hour,
And feeds me day by day,
I know it is not in my power
His goodness to repay.

The poorest child, the greatest king,
Alike must humbly own,
No worthy present they can bring
To offer at his throne.

For we, and all our treasures too,
Are his who reigns above :
Then is there nothing I can do
To prove my grateful love ?

A broken heart He'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight ;
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing in his sight.

Tho' treasures brought before his throne,
Would no acceptance find,
He kindly condescends to own
A meek and lowly mind.

This is an offering we may bring,
However mean our store :
The poorest child, the greatest king,
Can give him nothing more.

XIV.

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

PRIDE, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen
By haughty looks and lofty mien :
But oftener, it is found that Pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide ;
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits and does its mischief there.

Now if you really wish to find
If pride be lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a slight,
Or patiently give up your right ?
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment ;
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart ?
Can you at once confess a crime,
And promise for another time ?
Or say you've been in a mistake ;
Nor try some poor excuse to make.
But freely own, that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long ?

Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are,
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one ;
Nor think of triumph when you've done ?
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way ?
Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still ?
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair ?
Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger, nor revenge provoke ;
But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company ?—
Or, when you find that you could do
The harm to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought ?

Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part ;
And, when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have Pride.

Some one will suit you, as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so :
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your Pride.

XV.

THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now I suppose, that, having tried,
And found the secret of your Pride,
You wish to drive it from your heart,
And learn to act a humbler part.

Well, are you sorry and sincere ?
I'll try to help you then, my dear.

And first, the best, the surest way,
Is to kneel down at once and pray ;
The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,
And strengthen you and stand your friend.
Tell him the mischief that you find
For ever working in your mind ;
And beg his pardon for the past,
And strength to overcome at last.—

But then you must not go your way
And think it quite enough to pray :
That is but doing half your task ;
For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.
You pray for strength, and that is right !
But then it must be strength to fight :
For where's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong ?
Then look within :—ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought ;
Put out the smallest spark of Pride
The very moment 'tis descried ;
And do not stay to think it o'er,
For, while you wait, it blazes more.
If it should take you by surprise,
And beg you just to let it rise,
And promise not to keep you long,
Say, “ *No ! the smallest Pride is wrong.* ”
And when there's something so amiss,
That Pride says, “ Take offence at *this* ; ”
Then if you feel at all inclined
To brood upon it in your mind,
And think revengeful thoughts within,
And wish it were not wrong to sin ;

O stop at once!—for if you dare
To wish for sin, that sin is there!
'Twill then be best to go and pray
That God would take your Pride away!
Or if just then you cannot go,
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know.
And beg his mercy to impart
That best of gifts—a humble heart.
Remember, too, that you must pray,
And watch, and labour *every* day:
Nor think it wearisome or hard,
To be *for ever* on your guard.
No; every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin;
And every evening recollect
How much you've failed in this respect.
Ask whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud or humble part;
Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,
Inquire if Pride becomes a child;
And, when all other means are tried,
Be humble, that you've so much Pride.

XVI.

ALL SOULS ARE MINE.

ALL souls are thine, my Maker,—yes,
All souls belong to thee !
Thou callest them from nothingness
Or never would they be ;
But oh ! how many seem to say,
Their souls are but their own,
And turn their stubborn necks away,
As rebels from thy throne !

Gladly, O Lord, would we submit,
And bow to thy control,
And love thee ever, as is fit,
With heart, and mind, and soul ;
In all our future life and ways,
May this our pleasure be,
With all our strength, through all our days,
To serve and honour thee.

XVII.

A MORNING HYMN.

MY FATHER, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distress :
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day !
My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love ;
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above :
For JESUS said, " Let little children come nigh ;"
And he will not despise such a young one as I.
As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day ;
That when all the days of my life shall have passed,
I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

XVIII.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care :
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends, who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve thee better than on this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend, for JESUS' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

XIX.

FOR A CHILD THAT FEELS IT HAS A WICKED
HEART.

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,
That feels with guilt oppress?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

My thoughts are vain ; my heart is hard ;
My temper apt to rise ;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

Whene'er to thy commands I turn,
I find I've broken them ;
And in thy Holy Scriptures learn,
That God will sin condemn.

And yet, if I begin to pray,
And would to Thee draw nigh,
Some thought of folly, or of play,
Prevents me when I try.

On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of JESUS and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word
Or prayed to be forgiven.

With pity to my prayer attend,
My humble voice regard ;
And thine own Holy Spirit send,
To melt a heart so hard.

I feel there is no strength in me
To do that work alone ;
But, Lord, I come and look to thee
To change this heart of stone.

XX.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Now is the time, the accepted time,
Dear child, the voice regard,
Before thy hands are used to crime,
Before thy heart is hard.

“ Forbid them not,” the Saviour cries,
 “ The youngest,—bring them nigh:”
I come, the tender one replies,
 To Jesus Christ I fly.

Sin has already left its stain,
 Already has defiled
With thoughts impure, or false, or vain,
 My bosom, though a child ;

And as in years I older grow,
 My heart will harder be ;
There’s nothing I can do, I know,
 But give it up to Thee :

Then take my heart, to evil prone,
 And form it for thy praise,
That so to Thee, my Lord, alone,
 I may devote my days.

XXI

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

WHEN, for some little insult given
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," JESUS said,
"They know not what they do."

Dear SAVIOUR, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
But speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

XXII.

“TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING VANITY.”

LORD, hear a sinful child complain,
Whose little heart is very vain,
And folly dwells within.
What is it—for thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me,
That steals my thoughts away from thee,
And leads me into sin ?

Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,
I would no more pursue :—
Since nothing can be good for me,
However pleasant it may be,
That is displeasing, LORD, to thee;
May I dislike it too!

When I attempt to read or pray,
I'm often thinking of my play,
Or some such idle thing.
How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this ;
But all their joy and glory is
To praise their heavenly King !

These trifling pleasures here below—
I wonder why I love them so :
They cannot make me blest.
O that to love my God might be
The greatest happiness to me !
And may He give me grace to see
That this is not my rest !

XXIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

O THAT it were my chief delight,
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got ;
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.

For GOD looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold ;
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

XXIV.

SUNDAY—FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

THIS is Sunday,—Sabbath* day,
That is why we must not play ;
Nor run about, nor make a noise,
Like the naughty girls and boys.

This is Sunday,—Sabbath day,
Now we hear, and sing, and pray,
Now we rest, or now we read ;
That is very nice indeed.

XXV.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

HAPPY the child, whose tender years
Are trained to heavenly truth ;
And who, to break the Sabbath fears,
E'en from his earliest youth.

* Throughout these hymns, the word *Sabbath* has been employed, as agreeable to common usage, though certainly not so appropriate as that of *The Lord's-day*, to the *Christian day of rest*. It must be explained, as intending to convey, not a Jewish, but a Christian sense of the word.

Happy the child, who gently led
By motives kind and strong,
The Sabbath-breaker's sin would dread,
And knows, and feels it wrong.

To him, the Sabbath seems to rise
Unlike to other days ;
How calm and still its morning skies !
How mild its evening rays !

He goes, but not to join the throngs
In idle sport abroad ;
He goes to offer humble songs,
And hear about his Lord.

At home, his cheerful heart expands
In free and pleasant thought ;
Abroad, he sits, or kneels, or stands,
And listens, as he ought.

Sweet promise this, in early years,
Of what the man will choose ;
Yes, happy child is he, who fears
One Sabbath hour to lose.

XXVI.

ON ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word, and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.

They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him though we cannot see.

But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways :
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only *seem* to take a part :
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with their heart.

O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven !

XXVII.

A CHILD'S HUMBLE CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

A SINNER, LORD, behold I stand,
In thought, and word, and deed !
But JESUS sits at thy right hand,
For such to intercede.

From early infancy I know
A rebel I have been ;
And daily, as I older grow,
I fear I grow in sin.

But GOD can change this evil heart,
Can give a holy mind ;
And his own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

To heaven can reach the softest word—
A child's repenting prayer ;
For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my SAVIOUR more.

XXVIII.

ABOUT DYING.

Child.

TELL me, Mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died ;
And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the pit-hole by its side ?

Shall I leave dear Papa and you,
And never see you any more ?
Tell me, Mamma, if this is true ?
I did not know it was, before.

Mamma.

'Tis true, my love, that you must die ;
The God who made you says you must ;
And every one of us shall lie,
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

These hands, and feet, and busy head,
Shall waste and crumble quite away ;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

That which now thinks within your heart,
And made you ask if you must die,
That is your soul—the better part—
Which God has made to live on high.

Those who have loved him here below,
And prayed to have their sins forgiven,
And done his holy will, shall go,
Like happy angels, up to heaven.

So, while their bodies moulder here,
Their souls with God himself shall dwell :—
But not the wicked,—they, my dear,
What are they fit for, but for hell !

There the good God shall never smile,
Nor give them one reviving look ;
For since they chose to be so vile,
He leaves them to the way they took.

XXIX.

ABOUT HEAVEN.

AND heaven !—O what is heaven ?—in vain
We try to think what heaven must be,
That goodly land, which if we gain,
Forgotten all beside will be ;
Heaven is a blessed home, and there
Jesus our dwelling doth prepare.

Millions of happy babes have gone
Quickly, that blessedness to see ;
This world they did but look upon,
And knew not what its pains could be ;
How strange !—to close their baby eyes,
And open them in Paradise !

Little they knew, but soon would learn,
Perhaps, by gentle angels taught ;
And Jesus there would they discern,
And hear the deeds his love had wrought ;
How he had left that throne on high,
For dying babes, and men, to die !

There, too, the saints would they behold,
Of whom in Scripture we have read ;
There faithful Abraham, Daniel bold,
Abel, the first of all the dead,
Moses, who gave the holy law,
And John, who wondrous visions saw.

And there, O there, may we be found,
Worthless and sinful though we be ;
Thou, who for us with thorns wast crowned,
And crucified on Calvary,
To thee we come ; our hearts prepare,
And find for us a dwelling there.

XXX.

“THOU GOD SEEST ME.”

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone:
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven; he frowns to hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:
I *must* within his presence dwell;
I *cannot* from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee,—he shews me where ;
To JESUS CHRIST he bids me fly ;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

XXXL

TO A LITTLE SISTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

My love, I meet this happy day
With pleasure and with pain ;
I wish to learn your future way,
But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end
You have but just begun ;
And hand in hand with many a friend
This little way have run.

But friends, my love, how vain are they !
For one infected breath
May take the tenderest away,
And lay them low in death.

Then whither should my darling fly?

In whom may she confide?—

There is a Friend above the sky,

Who waits to be her guide.

His eye the path of life can see,

And has as clear a view

Of hills and valleys yet to be,

As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,

Where each of us shall fall,

And whose shall be the earliest lot,

And whose the last of all.

Dear cherish'd child! if *you* should have

To travel far alone,

And weep by turns at many a grave,

Before you reach your own ;

May He who bade you weep, be nigh

To wipe away your tears,

And point you to a world on high,

Beyond these mournful years!

Yet, if it be his holy will,
I pray that, hand in hand,
We all may travel many a hill
Of this the pilgrim's land :

With Zion's shining gate in view,
Through every danger rise;
And form a family anew,
Unbroken, in the skies.

XXXII.

SIN MAKES GOD ANGRY.

How kind, in all his works and ways,
Must our Creator be!
I learn a lesson of his praise
From every thing I see.

Ten thousand creatures by his hand
Were formed at first from clay;
His skill their different natures planned,
And they his voice obey.

He condescends to do them good,
And pities when they call;
By him their wants are understood,
And he supplies them all.

And can so kind a Father frown?
Will he, who stoops to care
For little sparrows falling down,
Despise an infant's prayer?

No; he regards the feeblest cry :
'Tis only when we sin,
He puts the smile of mercy by,
And lets his frown begin.

'Tis sin that grieves his holy mind,
And makes his anger rise;
And sinners old or young shall find
No favour in his eyes.

But when the broken spirit turns,
And would from sin depart,
The God of mercy never spurns
A humble, contrite heart.

XXXIII.

THE SINS OF A CHILD.

WHAT are the sins that tempt a child?
Come, little one, and look within :
We're not by deeds alone defiled,
“ The thought of foolishness is sin : ”
Old men have sins that ruin them,
And young, or busy men, have more ;
But conscience will a child condemn,
Who truly doth his heart explore.

Self-will, is like the bitter root
From which perpetual sin is grown,
And disobedience is the fruit,
At first, in small beginnings shown ;
Poor child ! you like to have your way,
And will not do as you are bid !
In this one evil, who shall say,
How much of future sin is hid ?

Deceit has many a secret snare—

In looks, as well as words, it lurks;

'Tis like a cloak that children wear

Only to hide forbidden works:

To cover from your Father's eye,

What artful tricks deceit can find;

Excuse, concealment, or a lie,

With shame and sorrow close behind!

Anger and pride together stand,

(By them was righteous Abel killed;)

Thy will is crost,—thy little hand,

Thy heart, with quick revenge is filled;

Then to the lips, the arm, the eye,

Hatred and passion blindly run,

Rude blows are given, and, inwardly,

Murder—that dreadful deed—is done!

Envy to hear another's praise,

How oft beneath a smile it steals

And shews, in little words and ways,

The poison that the bosom feels!

Impatience, sloth, and discontent,—
But who the sad account shall fill!
Within the youngest soul are pent,
How many seeds of future ill!

Yes, folly in the heart is bound,
Even in thine, my tender one,
And help and cure are only found
In what the Son of God has done ;
To Him, dear child, for pardon flee,
To Him for daily strength repair,
Lie low in real humility,
And live in watchfulness and prayer.

XXXIV.

“ JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE
SINNERS.”

Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!

Rocks are rending at the sight!—

Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?—
Jesus dies at Calvary!

Nailed upon the cross, behold

How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn!
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

See the blood is falling fast

From his forehead and his side!
Hark! he now has breathed his last!
With a mighty groan he died!
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

He, who was a King above,

Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save!
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you!

You were wretched, weak and vile,
You deserved his holy frown;
But he saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children; this is why
JESUS condescends to die.

Come, then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands to pray;
“Blessed JESUS, pardon me,
“Help a guilty infant,” say;
“Since it was for such as I,
“Thou didst condescend to die.”

XXXV.

“JESUS SAID, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO
COME UNTO ME.”

YOUNG children once to JESUS came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“ Forbid them not,” the SAVIOUR said;
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear REDEEMER smiled;
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread ;
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear JESUS, on my head.

XXXVI.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay ;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty, and give you a pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I'm saying my prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

XXXVII.

THE LAND OF THE BIBLE.

THE winter is over and past,
The singing of birds is at hand,
The hedges are blossoming fast,
And the cuckoo is heard in the land ;
The meadows are covered with flowers,
Reviving and sweet is the air,
And dear is this country of ours,
O England, so green and so fair !

My bosom with gladness is gay,
How kind is my Maker to me !
My love and my life should I pay,
Yet poor such a present would be ;
I might, O I might have been born
Where Him I should never have known,
A heathen, untaught and forlorn,
And worshipping idols of stone !

Though, there, in abundance were spread
Flowers, glorious as eyes could behold,
The palm waving over my head,
The river sands shining with gold ;
Yet what were its beauty to me,
If left a poor heathen to pine !
O England ! my home is in thee ;
The land of the Bible is mine !

XXXVIII.

LANDS WITHOUT A BIBLE.

AND are there countries far away,
Where Bibles never go ?
Fruitful, and beautiful, and gay,
But lost in sin and woe !

“ Go preach my gospel,” Jesus said ;
“ To every creature bear
The stream of life, the living bread,
And I will bless you there ;”

Lord, let us go, or let us send,
This word of truth abroad ;
Gladly our little help we'll lend,
That men may know the Lord.

Some childish pleasures we resign,
And this one pleasure choosc,
To teach the heathen they are thine,
And send the Gospel news.

XXXIX.

ARE WE BETTER THAN THE HEATHEN ?

AND is to us this favour sent ?
To us, this blessing given ?
Yes, for a little space, 'tis lent
To fit our souls for heaven.

What shall we to the Saviour say
If we the gift despise ?
Or but neglect from day to day
To take it and be wise ?

Heathens in judgment shall appear
Our folly to condemn ;
They did not of his mercy hear,
He was not preached to them :

Or if to some the tidings came,
How gladly they believed !
Soon as they heard the Saviour's name,
The Saviour they received !

Dear child, thy sin and danger see,
Than heathens more forlorn ;
Or better had it been for thee,
Thou never hadst been born.

XL.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best ;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past ;
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

XLI.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THERE is a path that leads to GOD—
All others go astray,
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread :

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old ;—
“The lambs he'll gather with his arm.
And lead them to the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

XLII.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the power Divine
That watches o'er our days :
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before thy sacred footstool, see
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymn of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move :
Then smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love.

XLIII.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF A
DEAR MOTHER.

A poor afflicted child, I kneel
Before my heavenly Father's seat,
To tell him all the grief I feel,
And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay
These tears that trickle while I bend ;
Since thou art pleased to take away
So dear, so very dear a friend.

And now I recollect with pain

'The many times I grieved her sore :

Oh ! if she would but come again,

I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye !

'Twould be my play to do her will !

And she should never have to sigh

Again, for my behaving ill !

But since she's gone so far away,

And cannot profit by my pains,

Let me this child-like duty pay

To that dear parent who remains.

Let me console his broken heart,

And be his comfort by my care ;

That when at last we come to part,

I may not have such grief to bear.

XLIV.

“THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST.”

Yes, it must moulder in the grave,
This moving heart, this breathing breast,
And flowers shall grow, and grass shall wave,
Where these cold limbs were laid to rest:

And years on years shall circle round,
Till millions more have died like me :
At length shall come the trumpet's sound,
All ears shall hear! all eyes shall see!

A glorious troop shall fill the skies,
With Jesus on his judgment throne ;
Then, first, the dead in Christ shall rise,
And leave the wicked dead—alone.

Think, dearest child, with what suspense
Thy mother risen, shall watch to see
If *all* her children, rising thence,
Come forth, with Christ the Lord to be!

Is there a grave that will not rend?
A dear one left, who rises not?
How will her eyes in anguish send
Their lingering looks to that dear spot!

Had she not told him of that day?
Had she not tried his heart to win?
Had she not taught his lips to pray?
Had she not warned his soul of sin?

Yes, but he heard and heeded not;
Temptation drew him slowly on;
The words of warning were forgot,
Till life, and soul, and hope were gone!

Both in one grave, or side by side,
They slept, while ages rolled away;
But now,—O now, they must divide,
He, cannot come!—she, would not stay!

With one last sigh she takes her flight,
And leaves him to his endless doom!—
Behold!—now bursting into light,
He starts, unwilling, from the tomb!

“ Lord! Lord! ” the trembling sinner cries,
“ Let me, O let me, enter too ! ”
“ Depart, ” the righteous Judge replies,
“ Rebel ! for thee I never knew ! ”

XLV.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.

WE'VE passed another Sabbath day,
And heard of JESUS and of heaven ;
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sin may be forgiven.

Forgive our inattention, Lord,
Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood,
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

Bless our good minister, we pray,
Who loves to see a child attend;
And let us honour and obey
The words of such a holy friend.

So when our lives are finish'd here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er
May we along with him appear,
To serve and love thee evermore.

XLVI.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long, sometimes, a day appears
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago
That I was taught to read:
And since I was a babe, I know,
'Tis very long indeed.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun !

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

XLVII.

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

My love, you have met with a trial to-day,
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose ;
But, alas ! in a moment your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear
Your good resolutions should fall ;
And soon, by your eye and your colour, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.

O, why did you suffer this troublesome sin
To rise in your bosom again?
And when you perceived it already within,
O why did you let it remain?

As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

But now you must go to the Saviour, and seek
His mercy to pardon your sin:
Entreat him to make you submissive and meek,
And put a right spirit within.

XLVIII.

A PATH, A FLOWER, A STREAM, A THREAD, A RACE.

LIFE is a *path* that leads
From time and earth away;
At first, through flowery meads,
With prospects green and gay,
Then, climbing many a rugged height,
Over strange hills, it goes from sight.

Life is a brittle *flower*,
Put forth in early spring,
Within the sheltering bower,
In beauty blossoming ;
Ere long, some blight across it flies,
Or, in the winter storm, it dies.

Life is a sparkling *stream*,
Through pleasant pastures led ;
But when the summer's beam
Falls hotly on its bed,
Perchance, before it gains the sea,
It dries away, all suddenly.

Life is a slender *thread*,
Like filmy gossamer,
That, floating overhead,
The slightest breath may stir ;
The waving bough,—the autumn wind
But moves,—and who the thread shall find?

Life is a *race* to run,
And heaven the distant prize ;
By few the crown is won ;
For few are truly wise ;
The things of this short life they choose ;
The endless life of heaven—refuse !

XLIX.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

HE died,—a happy christian died,
And went to God away ;
His years on earth were multiplied ;
His hair was thin and gray ;
He stooped for very age, and then,
With calm and cheerful eye,
He bade farewell to living men,
And laid him down to die.

Full many a spring had come and gone,
Since he a child had been,
And fools had tried to tempt him on
To “make a mock at sin ;”

But early to his bosom came,
E'en soon as reason grew,
The fear of God ; he learned his name,
And learned to love him too.

“ My Father, be my friend,” he prayed,
“ My steps in mercy guide ;
“ Through pleasure’s light, or sorrow’s shade,
“ Be ever at my side ;
“ No strength have I thy ways to keep,
“ To folly ever prone ;
“ But O defend thy feeble sheep,
“ And mark me for thine own.”

The prayer was heard ; through many a year,
And trial, firm he stood,
And always found his helper near,
And felt that God was good ;
Now, through those many years, he cast
A pleased and thankful eye,
That thus, kept faithful to the last,
An aged saint could die !

L.

THE AGED SINNER.

HE died, an aged sinner died!
I scarce the solemn truth can tell;
He wished that here he could abide,
And dreaded death, because of hell;
In heaven no treasure had he stored,
This world was that which he adored.

His youth, in pleasure had been spent;
His middle life, in gold and gain;
He got, but could not get content,
Enough, he never could obtain;
Yet he was rich, and seemed possest
Of all that people think is best.

Mansions had he, and spacious land,—
Whatever could his soul delight;
Rare delicacies used to stand
To tempt and spoil his appetite;
And still he tried, in vain, to find
Something to fill his hungry mind.

At last he grew a feeble man,
Pressed down with age, and coming death;
Shorter and shorter grew his span,
Harder and harder came his breath;
Soon, he must let his riches go;
Behind, was sin! before, was woe!

Backward on life he cast his eye,
But comfort could not there be found;
He had not raised one earnest cry
For pardon, while it might be found;
And now, in this his dying day,
He trembled, but he could not pray.

See! there his stately dwelling stands,
The plumed hearse has borne him thence;
His riches pass to other hands;—
But whither went his spirit hence?
O who shall trace it as it fled,
Poor sinner! from that dying bed!

LI.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

How dreadful, Lord, will be the day
When all the tribes of dead shall rise,
And those who dared to disobey
Be dragged before thine angry eyes!

The wicked child, who often heard
His pious parent speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.

No; he shall see them burst the tomb,
And rise, and leave him trembling there,
To hear his everlasting doom,
With shame, and terror, and despair.

Whilst they appear at thy right hand,
With saints and angels round the throne,
He, a poor guilty wretch, shall stand,
And bear thy dreadful wrath, alone!

No parent then shall bid him pray
To Him who *now* the sinner hears;
For Christ himself shall turn away,
And shew no pity to his tears.

Great God! I tremble at the thought,
And at thy feet for mercy bend;
That when to Judgment I am brought,
The Judge himself may be my friend.

LII.

CONSCIENCE.

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us "it is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny;
Conscience says, "Your faults confess,
Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
“Child, consider,” Conscience cries;
“Should not God be sought to-day?”

When, within his holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
“Now subdue it,” Conscience cries;
“Do command your temper still.”

Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
While these friendly voices call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard
That it will not speak at all.”

LIII.

“THOUGH THE LORD BE HIGH, YET HATH HE
RESPECT UNTO THE LOWLY.”

WHERE is the High and Lofty One ?

His dwelling is afar :

He lives beyond the blazing sun,

And every distant star.

But God, whom thousand worlds obey,

Descends to earthly ground,

And dwells in cottages of clay,

If there his saints are found.

Is not the heaven of heavens his own ?

Yes, he is Lord of all ;

And there, before his awful throne,

The saints and angels fall.

But, little child, with joy attend ;

For, if you love him too,

This mighty God will condescend

To come and dwell with you.

LIV.

“WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR ALL
HIS BENEFITS?”

“MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

WHAT shall I render? how express
The debt of gratitude I owe?
What am I? what do I possess,
'That did not from his bounty flow?
My life? 'twas God that bade me live;
My body? from his hand it came;
My soul? 'twas only he could give
That living spirit to my frame!

What can I render? O the grace
That tells me what I yet may bring!
“Give me thine heart, my son,” He says,
“That is a welcome offering;
“Give me thine heart; I well deserve
“Affection in its warmest glow;
“Not like a slave thy master serve,
“But love, as to a Father, show.”

My heart! I would that gift present,
But how unworthy will it prove!
O Thou, who wast to save it sent,
Draw it, or else it will not move ;
And turn it, or it will not turn;
And wash its many sins away;
And teach it all it ought to learn;
And keep it,—or it will not stay.

LV.

FOR CHILDREN AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LORD, may a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of humble praise?
'Tis by thy great compassion we
Are taught to love and worship thee.

What wicked children we have been!
Alas! how soon we learned to sin!
But *now* we learn to read and pray,
And not to break the Sabbath-day.

How condescending God must be,
To love such little ones as we!
He saw our sins with angry frown,
And yet he looked with pity down.

Oh! if we should again begin
To grieve our God, and turn to sin,
And let our guilty passions loose,
We now shall be without excuse.

Remember, LORD, we are but dust;
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust;
Do thou instruct and guide us still,
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

LVI.

A MINUTE.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown!
And yet how important it is!
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his: [play,
And though we may waste them in folly and
He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er?

We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.

Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But those precious moments for ever are fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife;

But, oh! no repentance or tears

Can bring back one moment of life !

But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,

We shall certainly welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to heaven.

The value of time, then, may all of us see,
Not knowing how near our last minute may be.

LVII.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHAT is this little grassy mound,
Where pretty daisies bloom ?
What is there lying under ground?
It is an infant's tomb.

Alas, poor baby, did it die ?
How dismal that must be !
To bid this pretty world good-bye
Seems very sad to me.—

Silence, my child ; for could we hear
This happy baby's voice,
We should not drop another tear,
But triumph and rejoice.

“ O do not ever weep for me,”
The happy soul would say ;
“ Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free
“ From that poor sleeping clay. .

“ Mourn not because my feeble breath
“ Was stopped as soon as given :
“ There’s nothing terrible in death
“ To those who come to heaven.

“ No sin, no sorrow, no complaints
“ My pleasures here destroy!
“ I live with God and all his saints,
“ And endless is our joy.

“ While with the spirits of the just,
“ My SAVIOUR I adore,
“ I smile upon my sleeping dust,
“ That now can weep no more.”

LVIII.

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

YEARS ! how they come and go!
And we must fly as fast;
With hasty, never-ceasing flow,
They bear us to the last.

There, in some future day,
Death, fixed and certain stands,
And on, and on, we speed away,
To meet his ghastly hands.

Our foolish hearts may turn
From hell and heaven aside;
The thought of dying we may spurn,
But soon—we shall have died!

Soon shall have died! no more
This pleasant light to see;
Our Sabbaths gone! and all before,
Unknown eternity!

Lord, for that solemn hour
Prepared may we be found;
O let us feel thy gospel's power,
While yet we hear its sound.

For, vain were bitter tears,
And vain were praying breath,
When once these hasty, flying years,
Have sealed our souls in death.

LIX.

A CHILD'S PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SINCE, mighty God, my health, and ease,
And life, belong to thee,
I might not murmur shouldst thou please
To take them all from me.

Thou hast a right to use thy rod,
Which I should meekly bear;
And yet I may entreat that God
A sinful child would spare.

I own the comforts I possess,
And thank thy care of me,
While thousands languish in distress,
And pine in poverty.

Yet look in pity on my pain;
My little strength restore;
And grant me life and health again,
To serve thee evermore.

LX.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

LORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,
For all my pains depart;
O grant that I may now rejoice
With thankfulness of heart.

Many have died as young as I,
Though nursed with equal care;
But God in pity heard me cry,
And has been pleased to spare.

Let me improve the years, or days,
Thy mercy lends me here;
And shew my gratitude and praise,
By living in thy fear.

The kindness that my friends have shewn,
O teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In every future day.

And, lest I need thy rod again,
I pray thee to impart,
As long as health or life remain,
A thankful, humble heart.

LXI.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will :
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

LXII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD UPON GETTING WELL.

I THANK the Lord who lives on high;
 He heard an infant pray,
 And cured me, that I should not die,
 And took my pains away.

O let me thank and love thee too,
 As long as I shall live ;
 And every naughty thing I do,
 I pray thee to forgive.

LXIII.

FOR A DYING CHILD.

My heavenly Father, I confess
 That all thy ways are just,
 Although I faint with sore distress,
 And now draw near the dust.

How soon my health and strength are fled,
And life is nearly past !
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.

Once did the blessed SAVIOUR cry,
“ Let little children come ; ”
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.

O take this guilty soul of mine,
That now will soon be gone ;
And wash it clean, and make it shine,
With heavenly garments on.

Be pleased to grant me easy death,
If 'tis thy holy will,
And bid the struggles of my breath,
And all my pains, be still.

Now, LORD, in heaven hear my prayer,
Accept my dying praise ;
And let me quickly meet thee there,
A better song to raise.

LXIV.

“SEED TIME AND HARVEST, SUMMER AND WINTER,
SHALL NOT CEASE.”

How cometh this beautiful scene ?
Have clods any sense of their own ?
How is it that grass can be green,
From dun-coloured earth, that has grown ?
The seeds that lie buried below,
And see not a glimmer of day,
How guess they the season to grow,
And come forth in dresses so gay ?

If we in that darkness were kept,
How should we remember the spring ?—
Yet each from its prison has crept,
As right, as a sensible thing !
They knew not that winter was past,
They did not the husbandman hear ;
But,—‘ seed time and harvest shall last,’
God said,—that is why they appear.

So, summer and winter come round,
As he in his bounty decreed ;
His blessing enlivens the ground,
And fashions the plant from the seed :
Fair colours for beauty he gives,
And fruit from the dun-coloured mould ;
Praise him, every creature that lives,
O praise him for all you behold !

LXV.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me :
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour :
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay :
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love thee and obey !

LXVI.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, my LORD and SAVIOUR,
Once became a child like me ;
O that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy ;
Pride and passion dwell within :
But the LORD was meek and lowly,
Pure and spotless, free from sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess.
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful
Of his precepts any more ;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

Lord, though now thou art in glory,
We have thine example still ;
I can read thy sacred story,
And obey thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
There to learn what thou hast taught.

LXVII.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

WHEN summer's sweet flowers appear,
We wish that they always should last :
But winter must shortly be here,
To sweep them away with his blast.
Spring, summer, and autumn, will hasten away,
The roses must fade, and the blossoms decay.

Like winter old age will be found ;
All stripped of our blossoms and fruit,
We still may remain in the ground,
Though nothing be left but the root :
And withered and bare we must ever remain,
For spring will not cover our branches again.

Then let us, since time's on the wing,
And death and eternity near,
Endeavour, whilst yet in our spring,
To prepare for the end of the year :

That we may not look back with remorse and
dismay,
To think how this season was wasted away.

And then, when the summer is gone,
Our youth and maturity past,
Old age will come pleasantly on,
And bring us to glory at last ;
Nor shall we reflect with a sigh or a tear
On any gay season of happiness here.

In heaven no winter they know,
To wither their pleasures away ;
The plants that in Paradise grow,
Shall blossom, but never decay :
Then for these fading pleasures no longer we'll
care,
But hope we shall spend an eternity there.

LXVIII.

LOVE TO JESUS.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the LORD.

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind—
O ! must I not have loved him then ?

But where is Jesus ?—is he dead ?
O no ! he lives in heaven above ;
“ And blest are they,” the SAVIOUR said,
“ Who, though they have not seen me, love.”

He sees us from his throne on high,
As well as when on earth he dwelt ;
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.

And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love him and adore ;
But when in heaven I see his face,
'Twill be my joy to love him more.

LXIX.

GOD EVERY WHERE.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power abound :
All are protected by his hand,
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,
Alike his care must own ;
Though savage nations know him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power he reigns,
An ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The cultured and the wild ;
The lofty monarch on the throne,
And every little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's prayer,
And the poor Negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends his mercies down :
None are too mean to share his smile,
Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing eye
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
And turn that heart to thee.

LXX.

“ I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.”

FEARFULLY, O LORD, are we
Fashioned by thy will ;
Ears to hear, and eyes to see,
Tell us of thy skill ;
Every time my hand I lift,
Every time my lips I move,
Praise and wonder for the gift,
My thankfulness should prove.

Who would think, that common clay,
This curious flesh could frame !
Thou, O Lord, the word didst say,
And into life it came.

Thou didst breathe the living soul,
Sense and reason didst bestow ;
Yes, I owe to thee, the whole,
Myself, to thee I owe.

Gifts so glorious, shall I use
My Maker to offend ?
Health, and sense, and life abuse,
To grieve so great a Friend ?
Shall my tongue pronounce his name
Lightly, or his laws to break ?
Lord, such deeds of sin and shame
Forbid, for Jesus' sake.

Take me, for I would be thine,
Thine, by love and choice ;
Let me as thine image shine,
And bless thee with my voice ;
Then, when falls this curious clay
Into dust, from whence it grew,
Bear my pardoned soul away,
To live to Thee anew.

LXXI.

THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR OUR SAKES HE
BECAME POOR.

JESUS was once despised and low,
A stranger and distressed ;
Without a home to which to go,
Or pillow where to rest.

Now on a high majestic seat
He reigns above the sky ;
And angels worship at his feet,
Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was bound with prickly thorns,
And scoffed at in his pain :
Now a bright crown his head adorns,
And he is King again.

But what a condescending King !
Who, though he reigns so high,
Is pleased when little children sing,
And listens to their cry.

He views them from his heavenly throne,
He watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for his own
The youngest child that prays.

LXXII.

FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT.

LORD, I have dared to disobey
My friends on earth, and Thee in heaven ;
O help me now to come and pray
For JESUS' sake to be forgiven.

I cannot say I did not know,
For I've been taught thy holy will ;
And while my conscience told me so,
And bade me stop, I did it still.

But thou wast there to see my crime,
And write it in thy judgment-book ;
O make me fear another time,
A sinful thought, or word, or look.

Forgive me, Lord ; forgive, I pray,
This naughty thing that I have done :
And take my sinful heart away,
And make me holy, like thy Son.

LXXIII.

INSTRUCTION FROM THE HEAVENS.

STARS, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I ?
Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so ?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
“ Child of mortal race, attend ;
“ While we run our wondrous way,
“ Listen to the voice we send,
“ Teaching you that Name Divine,
“ By whose mighty word we shine.

“ Child, as truly as we roll
“ Through the dark and distant sky,
“ You have an immortal soul,
“ Born to live when we shall die.
“ Suns and planets pass away :
“ Spirits never can decay.

“ When some thousand years, at most,
“ All their little time have spent,
“ One by one our sparkling host
“ Shall forsake the firmament :
“ We shall from our glory fall ;
“ You must live beyond us all.

“ Yes, and God, who bade us roll,
“ God, who placed us in the sky.
“ Stoops to watch an infant's soul
“ With a condescending eye ;
“ And esteems it dearer far,
“ More in value, than a star !

“ O then, while your breath is given
“ Let it rise in fervent prayer ;
“ And beseech the God of heaven
“ To receive your spirit there,
“ Like a living star to blaze
“ Ever to your SAVIOUR’S praise.”

LXXIV.

CHILDREN ENCOURAGED TO SEEK THE LORD.

SHALL I presume to venture near
A GOD so just and true ?
Or, sinful as I am, appear
Before his piercing view ?

How oft I grieve his holy eye,
And break his righteous law ;
And think some thought of vanity
With every breath I draw !

Yet, LORD, a sinful child may turn
To wisdom’s pleasant ways :
For JESUS’ sake, thou wilt not spurn
My feeble prayer and praise.

He died, that sinners such as I
 May have their sins forgiven :
He died, that sinners, when they die,
 May live with him in heaven.

It is for this I come to pray,
 And on his grace depend,
That even at the judgment-day
 The LORD may be my friend.

LXXV.

UPON LIFE.

LORD, what is life ?—'Tis like a flower,
 That blossoms, and is gone !
We see it flourish for an hour,
 With all its beauty on ;
But Death comes like a wintry day,
And sweeps the pretty flower away.

LORD, what is life !—'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look, they die.
Life fails as soon : to-day, 'tis here :
To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear

Six thousand years have passed away
Since living men began,
And millions once alive and gay,
Have spent their little span ;
For life, in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short, uncertain space,
So foolishly we prize,
That heaven, that lasting dwelling-place,
Seems nothing in our eyes !
The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
We disregard, compared with this !

LORD, what is life !—If spent with thee
In duty, praise, and prayer,
However short or long it be,
We need but little care ;
Because Eternity will last,
When life, and death itself, are past.

LXXVI.

UPON DEATH.

WHERE should I be, if GOD should say
I must not live another day,
And send to take away my breath ?—
What is Eternity ?—and Death ?

My body is of little worth ;
'TWOULD soon be mingled with the earth ;
For we were made of clay, and must
Again at death return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,
I do not and I cannot know :
For none was e'er sent back to tell
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
Where GOD himself for ever is ;
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go :
Though none that seek the SAVIOUR's grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

O let me then at once apply
To Him who did for sinners die !
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell for ever with the LORD.

LXXVII.

“ BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD.”

THE dead ! how thickly do they lie
Beneath the ground we tread !
Millions on millions live and die,
And make the earth their bed :
O whither can we cast an eye,
But there are hid,—the dead !

How little matters now, their lot,
 Their beauty, fame or gold !
If great they were, they heed it not,
 Nor treasure can they hold :
Their home is but a dreary spot,
 Forgotten, dark, and cold.

One thing, one only thing, to them
 Was worth a moment's pains,
The prince forgets his diadem,
 The merchant-man his gains ;
One pearl of price, one heavenly gem,
 Of all his wealth remains :

The pardon of his sinful heart,
 His soul, to Jesus led :
O, if he chose this better part,
 Then, blessed is the dead,
With joy, to judgment he shall start,
 With joy lift up his head.

LXXVIII.

AGAINST SELFISHNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone :
Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure
Just as if it were our own ?

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best ;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the SAVIOUR'S last request.

His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow
Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,
If we will not pity lend,
CHRIST accounts himself offended,
Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,
Thus his goodness to reward ;
Selfishness, indeed, is hateful
In the followers of the LORD.

When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember JESUS,
And resist it for his sake.

LXXIX.

“IN THE MORNING IT FLOURISHETH AND GROWETH
UP ; IN THE EVENING IT IS CUT DOWN AND
WITHERETH.”

THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see
Decaying on the walk ;
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree
And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on Death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

To God, who loves them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever Death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

LXXX.

HUMILITY.

In a modest, humble mind,
God himself will take delight ;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in his sight.

JESUS CHRIST was meek and mild,
He no angry thoughts allowed ;
O, then, shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud !

This, indeed, should never be ;
LORD, forbid it, we entreat ;
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet !

Make it shine in every part ;
Fill me with this heavenly grace ;
For a little infant's heart
Surely is its proper place.

LXXXI.

“ SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE.”

WHY should our poor enjoyments here
Be thought so pleasant and so dear,
And tempt our hearts astray !
Our brightest joys are fading fast,
The longest life will soon be past ;
And, if we go to heaven at last,
We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,
Where all is holiness and love,
And endless pleasures flow,
Our threescore years and ten will seem
Just like a short and busy dream ;
And O, how poor we then shall deem
Our best pursuits below !

Perhaps the happy saints in bliss
Look down from their bright world to this,
Where once they used to dwell ;
And wonder why we trifle so,
And love these vanities below,
And live as if we did not know
There was a heaven and hell.

LXXXII.

FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

THIS year is just going away ;
The moments are finishing fast :
My heart, have you nothing to say,
Concerning the time that is past ?

Now, while in my chamber alone,
Where GOD will be present to hear,
I'll try to remember, and own,
The faults I've committed this year.

O LORD, I'm ashamed to confess
How often I've broken thy day !
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,
Or wasted the moments in play !
And when the good minister tried
To make little children attend,
I was thinking of something beside,
Or wishing the sermon would end

How often I rose from my bed,
And did not remember my prayer,
Or if a few words I have said,
My thoughts have been going elsewhere !
Ill-temper, and passion, and pride,
Have grieved my dear parents and Thee ;
And seldom I've heartily tried
Obedient and gentle to be !

But, Lord, thou already hast known
Much more of my folly than I :

There is not a fault I can own,
Too little for God to descry !
Yet hear me, and help me to feel
How wicked and weak I must be ;
And let me not try to conceal
The least of my follies from thee.

This year is just going away ;
The moments are finishing fast ;
Look down in thy mercy, I pray,
To pardon the time that is past :
And as soon as another begins,
So help me to walk in thy fear,
That I may not with follies and sins
Disfigure and waste a new year.

LXXXIII.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head ;

While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours,
Than a many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet :
Be as gentle, be as mild ;
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize :
Like a summer flower it dies.
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past :
And the SAVIOUR from above
Views a humble child with love.

LXXXIV.

“O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD, FOR HE IS
GOOD.”

O THANK the Lord, for he is kind,
Come little one, thy praises bring ;
Wake up the love of thy young mind,
And with thine heart his goodness sing ;
What hath he done, dear child, for thee ?
Look round thee, and within, and see.

He gave that happy health of thine,
Th' untiring strength of every limb ;
He bade thy days so brightly shine,
Thy nights of safety come from Him ;
And all the joy thy spirit feels,
Thy playfulness, thy merry peals.

Art thou an orphan, left forlorn,
With none to comfort or to guide ?
No,—from the moment thou wast born,
Dear Parents have thy wants supplied :

He gave them, thy supports to be,
Gave all who love and cherish thee.

O thank the Lord, for he is kind ;
Forget not thou his watchful care,
But up to heaven raise thy mind,
And love thine unseen Father there ;
Then, show thy love, in love's best way,
First learn his will, and then obey.

LXXXV.

“ THEN THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL, AND SAMUEL
SAID, SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.”

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his MAKER's voice,
At every word he spoke
How much did he rejoice !
O blessed, happy child, to find
The GOD of heaven so near and kind !

If GOD would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy I should be !
O how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If GOD ALMIGHTY were so near.

And does he never speak ?
O yes ; for, in his word,
He bids me come and seek
The GOD that Samuel heard :
In almost every page I see
The GOD of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath his care
May safely rest my head ;
I know that GOD is there
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since GOD ALMIGHTY *is* so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, LORD ; I would obey
 "The voice that I have heard.
"And when I in thy house appear,
"Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

LXXXVI.

ON REPEATING THE CATECHISM.

As Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
 To learn her MAKER's will,
We in the SAVIOUR's presence meet,
 And hear his doctrines still.

Still he beholds the wandering look,
 Each foolish thought discerns ;
He knows who idles at his book,
 And who in earnest learns.

O for that meek, attentive mind
 Which happy Mary showed !
May we the "one thing needful" find,
 That was on her bestowed.

Here we are taught the sacred word
That JESUS first conveyed ;
And here the doctrines we have heard,
Are plain and easy made.

'Tis here we learn the glorious name
Of GOD who reigns above ;
Here we are taught the sinner's shame,
And read the SAVIOUR's love.

Lord ! while we thank thee for the grace
That sends this happy news,
We still would sit in Mary's place,
Her better part to choose.

LXXXVII.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE GOD of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word ;
That child is pleasing to the LORD.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

LXXXVIII.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

GOD ! what a great and awful word !
O, who can speak his worth ?
By saints in heaven he is adored,
And feared by men on earth.
And yet a little child may bend,
And say, " My Father, and My Friend."

The glorious sun, that blazes high,
The moon, more pale and dim ;
And all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him :
And yet a child may ask his care,
And call upon his name in prayer.

And this large world of ours below,
The waters and the land,
With all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand :
Yes, and he forms our infant race,
And bids us early seek his face.

Ten thousand angels sing his praise
On high, to harps of gold ;
But holy angels dare not gaze,
His brightness to behold :
Yet a poor lowly infant may
Lift up its voice to God, and pray.

The saints in heaven before him fall,
And round his throne appear ;
Adam, and Abraham, and all
Who loved and served him here ;

And I, a child on earth, may raise
My feeble songs in humble praise.

And all his faithful servants now
The wise, and good, and just,
Before his sacred footstool bow,
And own they are but dust.
But what can I presume to say?
Yet he will hearken when I pray!

O yes; when little children cry,
He loves their simple prayer;
His throne of grace is always nigh,
And I will venture there;
I'll go depending on his word,
And seek his grace through CHRIST the LORD.

LXXXIX.

THE CHILD OF AFFLUENCE.

How many poor indigent children I see,
Who want all the comforts bestowed upon me.

But though I'm preserved from such want and
distress,

I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,

How many the cravings of appetite feel !

Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,

Who yet have no money their wants to supply.

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,

How could I such hardship and suffering endure ?

Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore

My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blessed,

May it be my delight to relieve the distressed ;

For God has declared, and his promise is sure,

That blessed are they who consider the poor.

XC.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

LORD, I am poor ; yet hear my call ;

Afford me daily bread ;

Give me at least the crumbs that fall

From tables richly spread.

Thou canst for all my wants provide,
And bless my homely crust :
The ravens cry, and are supplied,
And ought not I to trust ?

Behold the lilies, how they grow,
Though they can nothing do !
And will not God, who clothes them so,
Afford me raiment too ?

But seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold
The riches some possess,
Grant me what's better far than gold,
Thy grace and righteousness.

O may I heavenly treasures find,
And choose the better part :
Give me a humble, pious mind,
A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,
And grant the grace I need :
And then, though I am mean and poor,
I shall be rich indeed.

XCI.

“HE THAT IS SLOW TO ANGER IS BETTER THAN THE MIGHTY; AND HE THAT RULETH HIS SPIRIT, THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY.”

A CAPTAIN forth to battle went,
With soldiers brave and trim ;
The captain by a king was sent,
To take a town for him :
The people lived in quiet there,
And little thought of foes,
But, on a sudden, everywhere,
A cry of death arose !
Up to the walls the soldiers sprang,
Against the gates they flew ;
The place with shrieks of murder rang,
As they were breaking through :
Mothers and children, as they fled,
In vain for pity cried ;
Houses were burning overhead,
And streets with blood were dyed.
But so the captain took the town,
And gave it to the king ;
And folks went saying, up and down,
'Twas such a clever thing !

I wonder, in the dying days,
Of those two bloody men,
Whether they cared about the praise,
Or liked to own it then !

A little child I chanced to meet,
Once, in a cottage bred,
Taught by his mother to repeat
What Solomon had said,
That he who ruleth well his heart,
And keeps his temper down,
Is greater,—acts a wiser part
Than he who takes a town.

Dear child,—he felt his selfish will,
His pride and anger, rise,
But conscience whispered, “Peace! be still,
“Subdue them, and be wise;”
“I will,” replied the little one,
“O Lord, my helper be,
“And let thy holy will be done,
“From day to day, in me.”

From day to day, from year to year,
He kept the watchful strife,
Till passion seemed to disappear
From that young Christian's life :

In love he passed his pleasant days,
And dying, won—a crown!—
The crown of life!—O better praise
Than theirs who took the town!

XCII.

PRAISE TO GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, who dwellest high,
Where mortals cannot gaze,
If thou wilt listen, I will try
To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore thee, and rejoice—
Such praise to thee belongs;
But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs?

My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
And poor the thanks I pay;
O how unworthy thy regard,
Is all a child can say!

My feeble powers can never rise
To praise thee as I ought:
For thou art great, and good, and wise,
Beyond my highest thought.

In heaven thy glories, Lord, resound,
And children join the song :
And O may I at last be found
Among that happy throng !

There we shall better praises bring,
And raise our voices higher ;
Angels will teach us how to sing,
And we shall never tire.

XCIII.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die :
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high ?

A sad and sinful world is this,
Although it seems so fair ;
But heaven is perfect joy and bliss,
For God himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.

Here many a pain and bitter groan
Our feeble bodies tear ;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, there.

Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distressed ;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart ;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

Then let us love and serve the LORD
With all our youthful powers ;
And we shall gain this great reward—
This glory shall be ours.



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